And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyr annous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuel! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both
To bring this tydings to the bloudy king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne li
King. Kind Tirrell, am I happie in thy newe
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buri
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſup
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee goo
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit. T*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſ
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnig
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crown
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Ca*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richm
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welch
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,